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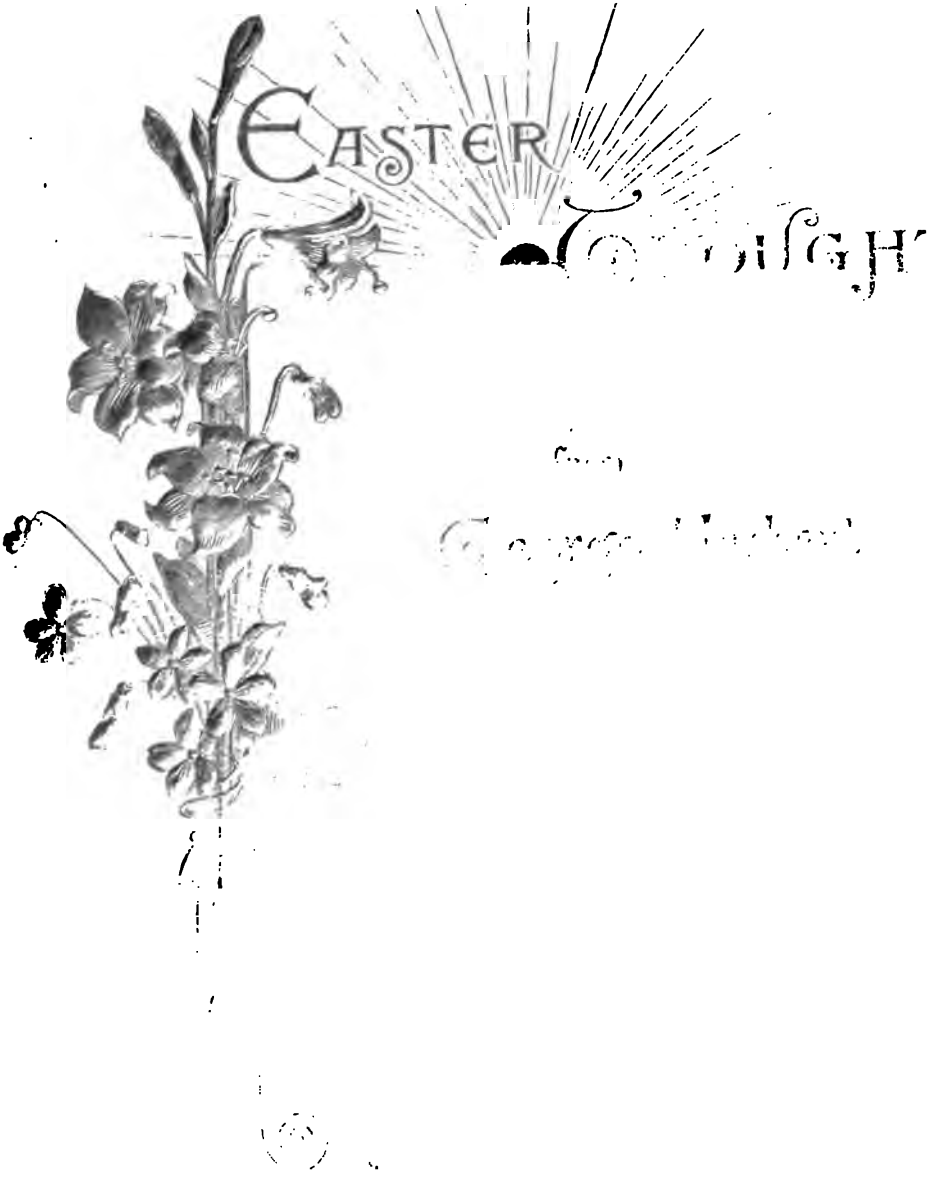
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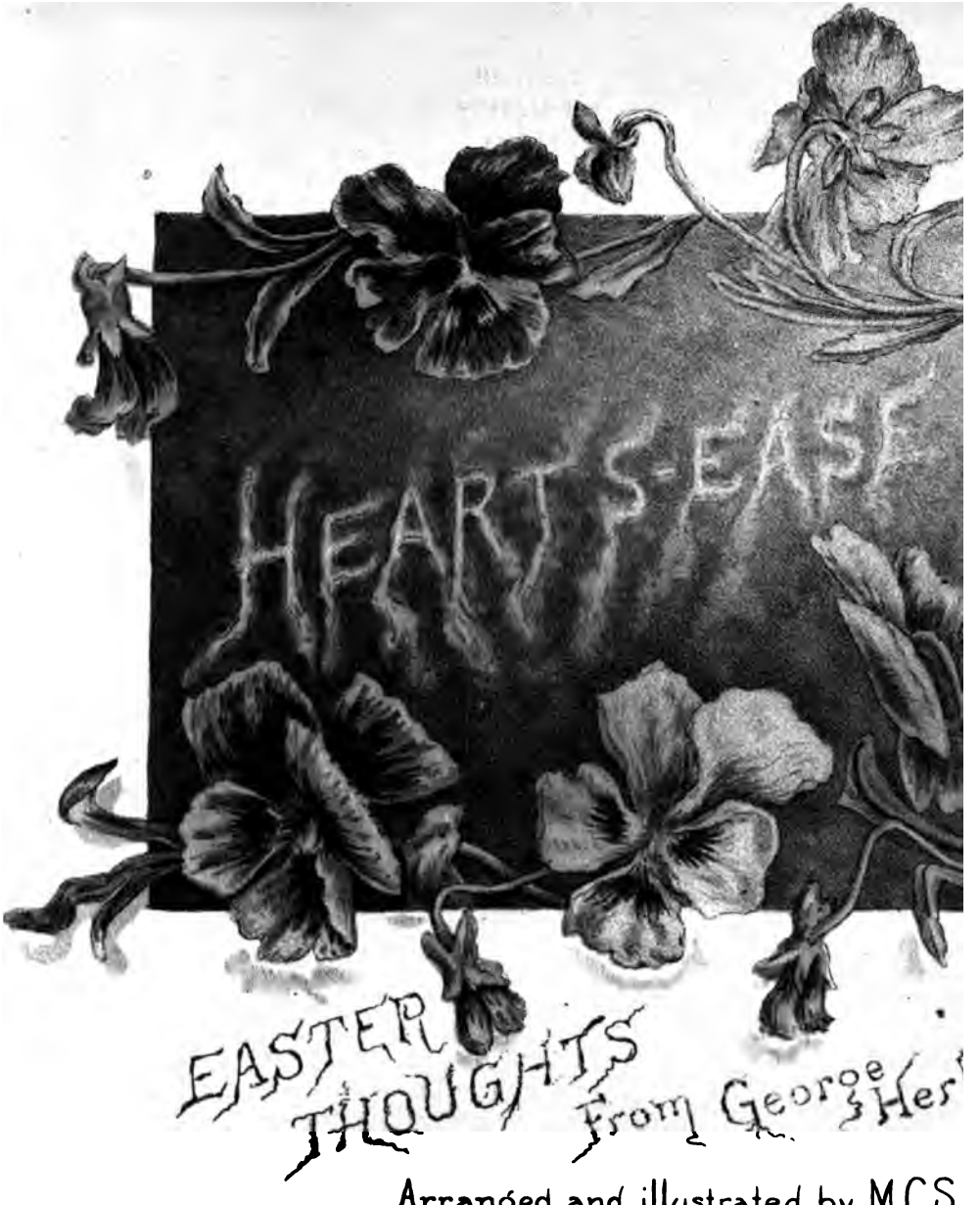

EASTER THOUGHTS From George Herbert

Arranged and illustrated by M.C.S.

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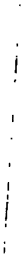
Jesu is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to se

And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where E & S, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was I EASE YOU,
And to my whole is JESU.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

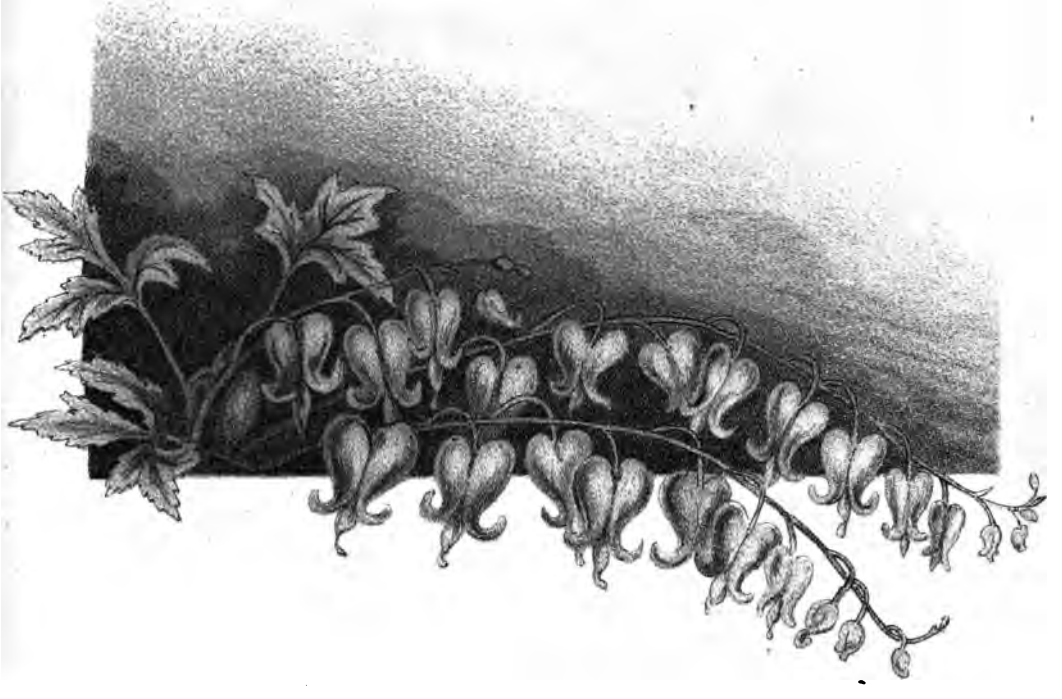


The Dawning.

Awake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.

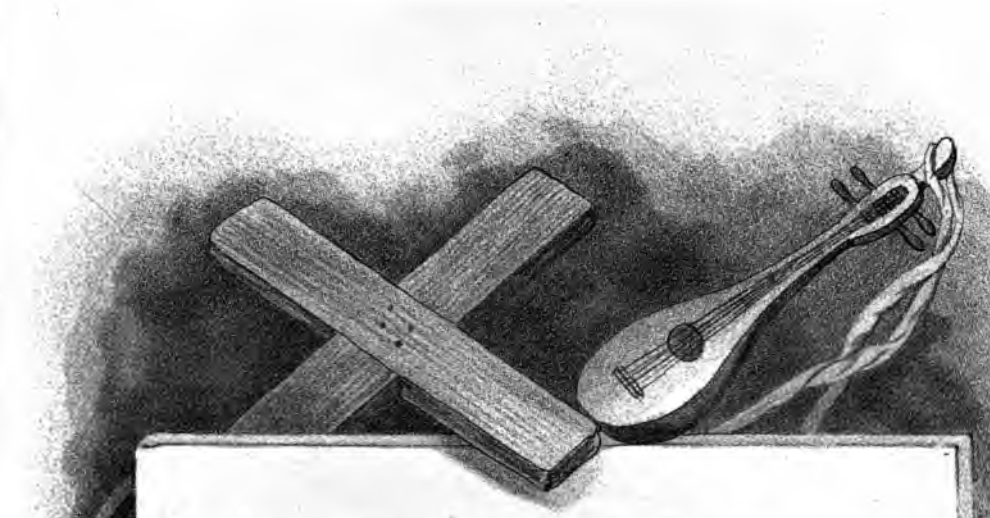
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise, sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be;
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, Arise!



"The Lord is risen indeed."

Rise, heart, thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delayes;
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may st rise
That as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more jus

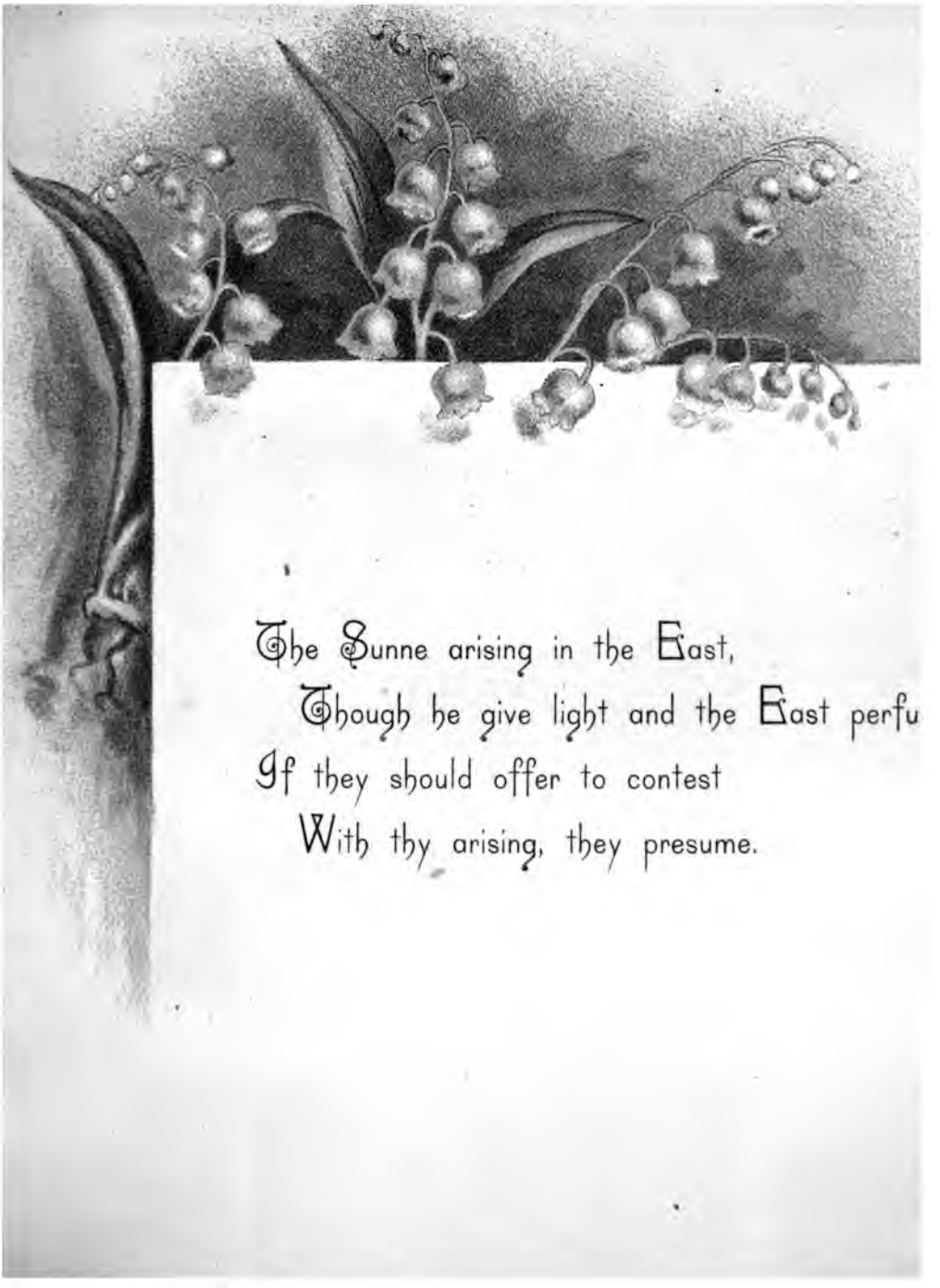


Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art:
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Comfort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

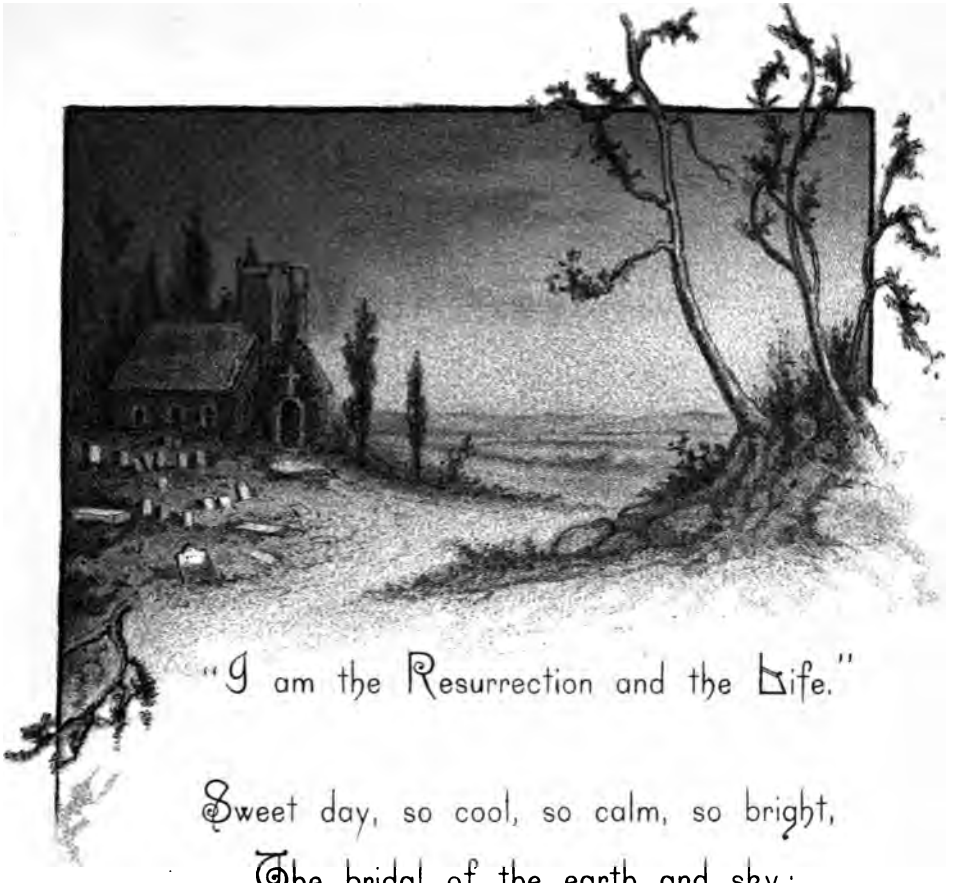
I got me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with thee.



The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light and the East perfu
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

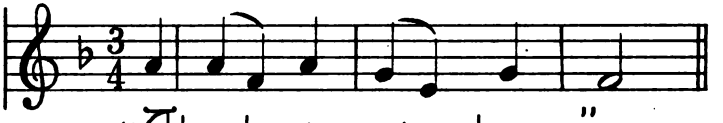
This day my Saviour rose.



"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

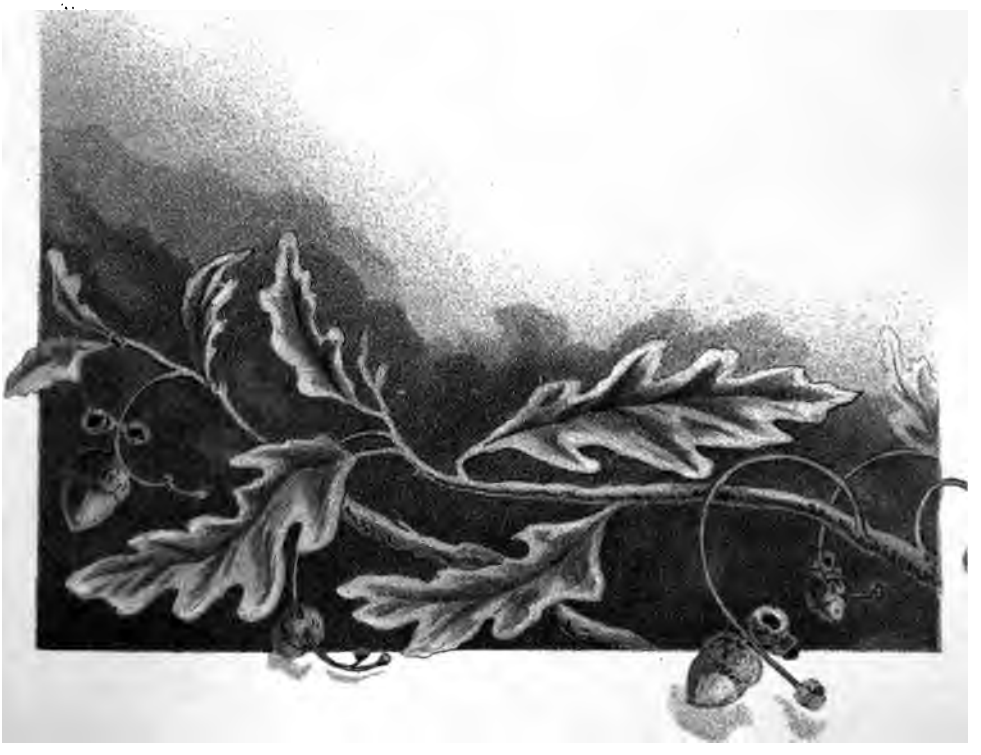
Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.



"The day is past and gone."

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



EASTER WINGS.

Lord who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst to punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For if I rest my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

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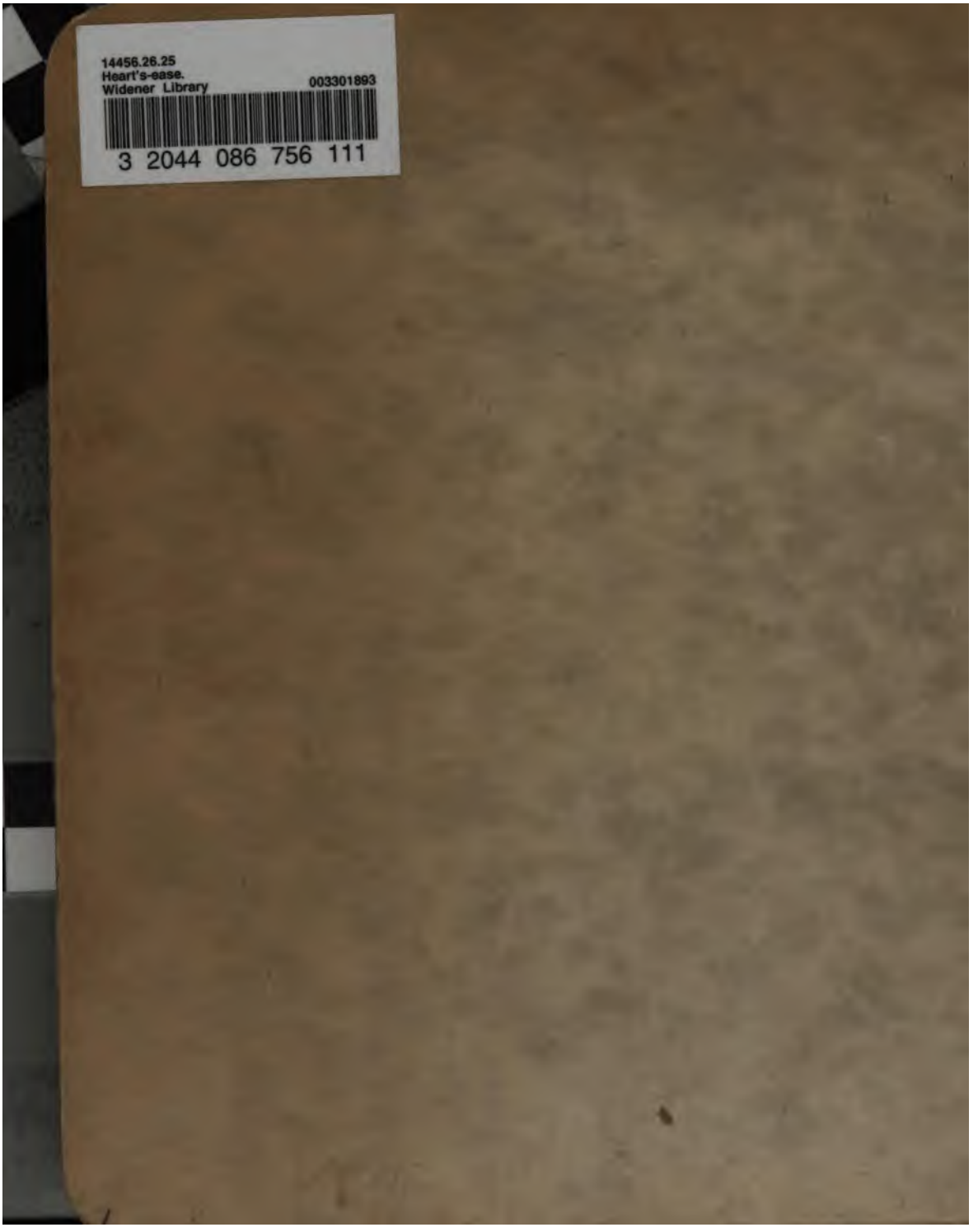
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